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Bombay

11.7.45.

Darling,

It'll be a short night for writing tonight because I've dilled & dallied more than somewhat over supper & showering, etc. But I don't see why I shouldn't write up a teeny one, eh?

Had a flick in the camp last night - "Star Spangled Rhythm". It was quite an event in a way - that was the third time they'd tried to get that film over & each previous time the projector broke down. We settled down in the improvised cinema & waited with baited breath. The news reel went through OK. (Quite a modern one - it showed the early advances of the Allies through the Siegfried line!) & so did the short feature. When the big film started the credit titles looked grand - we really thought that this was it - It it was, eventually, but not before a few hundred feet went through in deathly silence (from the screen, not from the lads), & the next few hundred feet when the sound did arrive, had made us all clear our throats in sympathy with the actors - Betty Hutton looked a nice girl but why talk with a mouth full of nails? Still, it was OK after a while & apart from a few normal

breakages the film went on to give us much enjoyment. I enjoyed, more now, the Golden Gate Quartet singing the "Deadland" number & remembered how you'd enjoyed it with me in England - it went down with us all the better for that memory.

We've had 39 inches of rain so far, & the effect on us is showing very visibly. I don't mean in our faces, or in our demeanour, I refer to our clothes, & goods & chattels. Any leather stuff is green with mildew after it's been put away for a couple of hours & our poor 5' No. 1 Blue suits are looking very dicky - they'll have to be well & truly cleaned at the end of all this. Boots & shoes are literally rotted away from plodding around in a particularly sticky kind of mud.

Next Day :- I really am sorry, darling, but I was interrupted last night - mess duties y'know - & I thought it better to wait 'til tonight. I just wouldn't have gotten down to finishing this letter until about 11 p.m. & that's a bit too late. So here I am again.

I was telling you about the effects of the monsoon, wasn't I, but as today has



been comparatively fine I'm not in the same wet mood tonight so I'll leave my drips where I left 'em last night.

I have one small piece of financial news to impart. The Pay Office said that they're not taking off any tax from my Naval money & they propose to inform the I.T. Authorities to that effect with the expectation that they'll come it all out of my B. of C. P. By the way, honey, did I ever tell you what amount we've paid out here? It's not complicated. On top of my 8/5<sup>d</sup> per day we get 13/6<sup>d</sup> per day foreign commission money - we are then paid an additional 1/8<sup>d</sup> of the total which makes it about 11/2<sup>d</sup> a day, which is £16.15 a month. After allments are deducted I get a packet of £12.15 = R170 a month.

After Friday next I get another 13/9<sup>d</sup> + 1/8<sup>d</sup> per day for being in the Andrew for 3 years - if they think they're giving me something that's crazy - after that time Friday wouldn't compensate me for staying in. Well, anyway, I was going to tell ya (as I do with this, duckey, I realize that I'm working it out as much for my benefit as yours - I like to know where I am), this extra money will bring the monthly moola up

to R190 + will try to get along with that.

I had a letter from you today, pet, written on lined paper! I suppose you really couldn't find any other - um? Fancy my energetic little darling playing tennis after all this time - I bet you only went to show off to Legh - you can't kid your old man y'know. I've seen you pull your suspenders up in a railway carriage full of people without a blush. Alright alright - I was the only one with you, but there didn't seem to be anything wrong with the suspenders, + I looked hard enough. But if I'm to be truthful, I must say that those undecorated of yours are worth circling, only it's sickening that I can't be on the spot ~~there~~ at the show-down - or should I say show-up? Make up your mind what sort of a pose you're going to have in that pin-up photo you've promised me? Reaching for a high ball in an ultra brief skirt wouldn't be so bad, so long as it was full length. When I sit back and read Tolstoy I might be feeling my crotch water but I ain't fooling myself - my eyes might be concerned with the Russian snows but my mind is seething.



with warmer things + I can't think of anything warmer than you. You wrote of over-emotionalism - keep it up, baby, go ahead + over-emotionalise - you'll be running in the same stakes as me.

The Dentist at last, eh? Nice work honey. I giggled at - but at the Calcium guy - when you spoke of the panic to rush at the cheese etc. I imagined that there'd been some sort of delayed action regarding Sebastian, but later, reasoned thinking made me realise that you intended to lay in a store of calcium for future use. Working like a reserve - but why stop at calcium, why not include all the vitamins + proteins 'n things that the little devil'll want? I think you'd better start going from now on + only on a bit of energetic ball chasing to keep that ~~the sylph~~ sylph-like figure sylph-like.

Speaking of sylph-like figure, a lbtke came up to the cabin the other day with a loaded camera + offered to take another group. We accepted, of course, but I happened to be in a state of nudity + busily engaged in washing out the smells. As there was little time to spare I hastily donned a very brief pair of briefs + posed in them. The other fellows, being Pully

dressed, more or less, didn't go much on my  
action because, they said, the sight of my  
Baby-bleep figure (I quote their description -  
jealous cats!) would disturb their wives -  
maybe - those briefs are awfully brief. Anyway,  
I'll let you see the print, if you're a good  
girl, & if it passes the Censor.

I'm not in a very academic mood  
tonight - I don't feel very clever. My  
insecurity tells me I should be telling you  
more of India & its people because I  
haven't told you very much so far, but  
the truth is that when I set started on  
the subject I began to realize that I  
know very little, actually, - if I tried to  
expound on the matter I might be giving you  
a false impression. All I've written so  
far is I am convinced even more, the truth,  
but there's so much to add to that. I  
can't get out of my mind that the  
"childishness," as I term it, of the Indians  
is inherent even in the "top men" & the  
fact that an Indian has had an Oxford  
~~education~~ education does it, in my opinion,  
make him essentially different to any other  
of his countrymen. I need to be convinced  
that there are some honest & well-minded,  
clear-thinking Indian politicians who  
have the interest of their country at heart



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rather than their pockets & their love of court intrigue. You see, darling, I am prejudiced against them & so I'm not fit to expound. I will say that if I leave the country having the same opinion, after having really delved & enquired, then nothing I read subsequently will change my mind & that I'm sure will apply to the majority of service men leaving the Far East for home - what a tragedy that the Indians can't make better use of us as disciples for their cause.

We've had an awful lot of newspapers in the last few days, & the cabin now looks like a messagerie - except that the latest date is now June 2nd. Quite a few are duplicated, but that doesn't matter for there are plenty of blokes 'll take 'em. I got the impression after reading the post-v. 3 Day papers that England's in a bit of a turmoil over all those problems which were foreseen year ago - switch-over from war to peace production, control of labour, return of evacuees, demobilisation & the election, or, since June 2nd is a bit premature the prospects of an election. I do think the public are a bit impatient - no body is rushing to get the service man (nothing personal here) back to a steady job & I think that the war-factory civilian is in a

Dr. Service

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